

Reunion

by Wylt

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Summary: Methos and an old friend reminisce about old times.

Reunion

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Methos, Duncan MacLeod, Amanda and Joe, blah,blah, blah all legally belong to someone else with more money, more lawyers and more time to pursue this than me, especially as this is purely to exercise my imagination and hopefully entertain you.

The characters Adriane Grant and Stone McGregor are used here at their consent - I have been told to state that neither belong to anyone else (except perhaps if Methos wants to possess Adriane she says that's just by her! *l*). Enjoy!

Thanks to Jemma, Mac, Kelly and Missa for beta-reading this for me - you girls are great!

Comments and suggestions (keep it relatively clean please!) to wylt@hotmail.com

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Adam Pierson's Appartment, Paris, France.

August 18th, 8.33pm

Methos wandered across his kitchen, a bottle of white wine clutched in one hand and a cork screw in the other as he struggled with a stubborn cork. Cursing under his breath he slammed the bottle onto the worktop, still unsure of what to cook. Resisting the urge to grab his sword and simply solve the problem by loping off the top of the bottle he suddenly became preturnaturally still as the sensation of another Immortal nearby washed over and through him. Leaving the

rebellious bottle of wine on the side to sulk he raced across the room to sweep his sword out of it's hiding place and leaped noiselessly into a small alcove by the front door, just as someone pounded on the panel.

> "Adam? Open the door, Adam .. I know you're there. C'mon you old bastard, open this bloody door!"
 Methos slumped in relief at the voice, a brief memory surging to the forefront of Amanda pounding on his door during the early hours of the morning. This too was a woman's voice, younger in sound and angry to boot. Smiling in amusement he wrenched open the door, pressing his blade to his unexpected visitors throat.

> Adriane blinked up at him owlshly as she felt the metal touch the smooth, vulnerable skin of her throat. Her golden eyes calmly held his gaze as she looked up at him.
 "Now that's no way to treat an old friend." Pushing the sword impatiently away she stomped into his apartment without being invited and sprawled bonelessly on the couch. Adam stared after her for a moment before finding the presence of mind to close the front door and follow her into the lounge area.

> Just in time to see her swear softly to herself, frowning as she fidgeted slightly before lifting her hips to allow her hand access to the inside of her overcoat. Leaping slightly out of the way, he grinned as she threw her sword on to the floor carelessly.
 "Nice to see you too Adriane. It's been what? Eighty years? And now I can't get rid of you!" He smiled as he slumped on the opposite couch, his smile turning to a grin as she hooked her leg over the arm of the chair, squirming to arrange her limbs in a more comfortable position.

> She nodded, satisfied at last. "Yep, something like that." She frowned, her gaze going to the bottle of wine on the kitchen worktop. "What does a girl have to do to get a drink around here, die of thirst?"
 Struggling to refrain from laughing he rose gracefully to his feet, retrieving the bottle and the cork screw and dropped them unceremoniously in her lap.

> "Help yourself, sweetheart." She glared, not appreciating the tone or the pet name.
 "Having trouble opening it, Methos?" She asked sweetly, noting the mangled cork. Taking hold of the cork screw she professionally applied it to the cork, unhurriedly removing it and wiped the neck clean of any remnants left by Methos' failed attempts. "Don't you just hate it when that happens?" She smirked. He smiled sarcastically at her remark, snatching the bottle from her small hands and whisking it away to the kitchen to pour into two oversized wine glasses.

> "So, what do you want Adriane. More driving lessons?" He handed her a glass before taking a seat next to her.
 "Nothing in particular." She shrugged. "I was bored, and in the neighbourhood. Thought I'd just ... drop in and see ya." She grinned. "Nice to see your taste in wine hasn't improved."

> Laughing he retorted, "You know I'm a beer drinker usually. You still hung over from the last time we got together?"
 "Still drunk!" Together they chuckled at mutual memories. "Hey, do you remember that time in Londinium at the High King's Coronation?"
 Methos snickered. "Wasn't that the party we got thrown out of?"
 "Naah, that was in Gaul a few years later - the one Stone was at." Giggling, she held her glass out toasting their memories. Smiling Methos allowed his glass to briefly touch hers with a clink ringing out in the sudden silence as they reminisced.

> "A few years? Adriane, it was centuries later!"
 She stared at him for a moment, and then shrugged. "I knew that." She lied, grinning. Silence reigned for a moment as both battled not to laugh.

> "And do you remember that time" Giving in the two collapsed in fits, rolling around the room at their own amusement.

The End!

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End
file.